



Old Cloaths to sell ; any Hats, Shoes,
or Old Cloaths ?

THIS dirty Son of Israel's race,
While wealthy folks are sleeping,
You up and down the town may trace,
In ev'ry area peeping.

But ah ! beware, ye men and maids,
His bargains you'll repent ;
Remember well the Varlet trades
At least for Cent per Cent.